UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

A Yankee's Way to Utopia

(On the 50th Anniversary of the Creation of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward")

By David Gittleman

Hitler's Germany - *Frederick L. Schuman*

"The Captains and the Kings Depart" - - - - - - - *Fred W. Shorter*

Fool-Force - - - *Harold P. Marley*

Imaginary Naval Conference Without Polite Phrases - - *Joseph Southall*

Summary of the Humanist Position - - - - - - - *Curtis W. Reese*

The Study Table - - *Taraknath Das, George Maychin Stockdale*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Birobidjan

By the HON. JEAN J. ARENS
Consul General of the U.S.S.R. at New York

I thank you for the opportunity you have given me to say a few words on a question which so strikingly contrasts with all other matters about which we read and speak most nowadays. One might almost despair that seventeen years after the World War, of which we still remember the suffering, cruelties, loss of life and destruction of precious cultural and material values, we seem to be drifting again to a new war, a war more terrible, more bloody and more merciless than ever before. We hear on all sides words of hatred among nations and races, a hatred which is even glorified as the supreme virtue of human sentiment.

I therefore feel happy that instead of dealing with the dangers of an approaching catastrophe, which we must do our utmost to prevent, we can speak here today about a work of peace, of goodwill, of humanity, which is built on the principle of equality between nations and races, based on mutual, friendly respect, on trustful collaboration between human beings of all races and nationalities.

This is possible and can be realized when one aim animates the work, one aim guides every step that is taken—the building of a new life, a happy life for all together, in which everyone helps his neighbor as himself.

You know that in my country there are more than 180 nationalities and tribes, speaking more than 140 different languages. We have almost all the human races, and all have the same rights for a happy life. All nationalities, separately and at the same time, all together, do their best to establish throughout our enormous territory a condition of permanent prosperity and felicity. No strong nation rules over a weaker; none is looking for happiness in the misfortune of another; none is trying to "civilize an inferior race" by violence and destruction. On the contrary, the stronger is lending a hand to help the weaker on the way to a higher cultural standing, to a well-being where all needs will be satisfied. Many of these nationalities have, for the first

(Continued on Page 220)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVI MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1936 No. 11

THE CHRISTIAN WAY OF LIFE FOR TODAY

I pledge myself to put first in my life the building of God's cooperative community. I believe that this task demands I identify myself as far as possible with the disinherited, whose struggles for justice lead toward a classless society; that I live simply, without ambition for social prestige; that what money I give away I apportion to means of furthering fundamental change rather than to philanthropy or minor reforms; that I permit no barriers of race or social condition to limit my friendships, and that I aggressively oppose racial discrimination; that I refuse to take up arms against my brothers in other lands, refuse to encourage others to do so, and that I work for a minimum of violence in the establishment of social justice; that I join a Socialist political party and strive to work through it to transfer power from those who own to those who serve; that in fighting the oppressors I avoid vindictiveness, recognizing in myself the elements of greed and self-assertion which I condemn in them; that I undertake the discipline of prayer to find strength and wisdom for the road I have chosen; and that I try to persuade others, especially within the church, to follow this Way of Life.—*The Fellowship of Socialist Christians.*

MR. MORGAN ON THE WITNESS STAND

The cross-questioning of J. P. Morgan and Thomas Lamont in the Senate munitions inquiry was of enormous interest. It proved right up to the handle the fact made so plain in recent years by such books as Walter Millis' *Road to War,* the *Memoirs of Robert Lansing,* and the latest volume of Ray Stannard Baker's biography of Woodrow Wilson, that it was our economic and financial entanglements that took this country into the War in 1917. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Lamont of course strenuously denied this idea, and harped repeatedly on the assertion that it was the German submarine policy that determined the issue. But this, as in the case of Belgium and Britain's entrance into the War, was only the occasion or excuse of what would have taken place in one way or another under any circumstances. If it hadn't been Belgium in 1914, it would have been something else, for Britain was tied by diplomatic agreement and economic interest to France and Russia, and had to go in. So, in the case of America in 1917—if it hadn't been the submarine policy, it would have been something else, for this country was tied by economic interest to the Allies, and had to go in. First, with the secret connivance of an allegedly neutral government, the bankers loaned money to the belligerents fighting against Germany. Then, when cash gave out, these bankers gave credit. Millions, hundreds of millions, were involved. Then came the moment when the war wasn't going so well. Those loans, and credits, investments in Allied victory, were they going to be lost by a forfeiture of that victory? Not if the bankers knew it! So gradually, without anybody's really being aware of what was going on, the nation found itself in a position which made inevitable our active participation in a war which we had made our own. Talk of conspiracy, of course, is ridiculous—it required no conspiracy. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," say the Scriptures. Mr. Morgan stated that he put his money into the Allied cause because his heart was in it. Not a bit of it! He put his heart into this cause because his money was in it, and the money went, as it always goes, for profits. It was to save those profits that we entered the War. It is to prevent this sort of thing forevermore, that a new neutrality policy is now being forged.

IMMORAL IS ILLEGAL

Discussion of the momentous AAA decision of the U. S. Supreme Court has been going on now for weeks. This discussion, of course, has been predominantly constitutional and legal in character. In such discussion UNITY has no place, for its editors are learned (if anywhere!) neither in the Constitution nor in the law. But there are other phases of the AAA problem which vitally concern UNITY, and which may now perhaps have their innings since the legal questions have been threshed to straw. What we have in mind is the moral aspect of the AAA legislation—or rather the *immoral* aspect. Short only of certain laws like the Fugitive Slave Law, this country has never seen a more immoral political enactment than the whole business that has gone under the name of the farm control policy of the Roosevelt administration. Merely to state the purpose and methods of this policy is to blush with shame and, in the spirit of Jefferson, tremble with fear at the thought that God is just. At the bottom of the whole iniquity is the deliberate destruction of plenty. Think of it!—at a moment when millions of people are unemployed, without income, hungry, cold, miserable, the President of this republic set himself to the wicked task of destroying wheat, killing pigs, plowing under cotton, that scarcity and therefore high prices might prevail! So far as it was in his human power, in other words, he did what earthquakes and hurricanes, pestilences and famines do: he devastated the earth. But this was not enough! The work of wreckage had to be paid for—farmers were paid for slaughtering

livestock, destroying crop, and then leaving the earth a desert at the next harvest. So this President of ours conceived the idea of imposing so-called "processing taxes" (lovely word!) on the workers in the cities, many of them idle, all of them poor, and thus making them foot the bill. Put these two things together, the artificial scarcity and the processing taxes, and you've got a condition so damnable that no nation creating it is fit to live. And now the Supreme Court has declared this abomination unconstitutional! With the functions of the Court and the validity of its decisions we are not concerned. These things apart, we simply draw a deep breath and renew our confidence in America as we discover that in this land what is immoral is also illegal.

THE SUPREME COURT AND DEMOCRACY

Again putting aside all questions of law and Constitution, which we are not competent to discuss in specific cases, we want now to say that we cannot join a goodly number of our liberal and radical friends in their raving against the Supreme Court for its adverse ruling in the New Deal matters. Talk about "the nine old men" seems to us particularly silly when we recall that Mr. Justice Holmes was the idol of these same critics at the very time when he had beaten all records for venerable old age upon the bench, and further recall that the oldest of the "nine old men" in Washington today is Mr. Justice Brandeis who joined in the minority opinion against the AAA decision. Turning to realities and not to grouches, the Supreme Court problem seems to us very simple. First, this country has a written constitution, as England, for example, has not. Second, under a written constitution, as John Marshall discovered years ago, legislation must conform to the terms of the Constitution—else why have a constitution! Third, there must be a way of determining officially and authoritatively whether new legislation, especially legislation enacted in periods of excitement and stress, is or is not in accordance with the Constitution. Fourth, the way of giving the Supreme Court power to determine this question is one way, and as good a way perhaps as any other, surely a much better way than giving such power to a politically inane and frequently executive-driven Congress. Fifth, if the Court decides that certain legislation is unconstitutional, and the legislation seems essential to the general welfare of the country, there should be some way of changing the Constitution to meet the changing conditions of economic and social life. Sixth, such way is duly provided by the Constitution itself, and can be taken, as it has been taken already many times, by due action of the people. So why get so excited, and talk so wildly about the tyranny of the Court and the death of democracy? The fact is this government is as free as it ever was, only we must proceed by law and not by whim.

THE SUPREME COURT AND LIBERTY

There is another angle to this Supreme Court question which we think it well to commend to our liberal friends who are so hot under the collar these days. The only alternative suggested by those who rebel against the Court's power over legislation, so far as we can make out, is that Congress shall be left to be the judge of its own actions. Take away from the Court this prerogative of testing a law by the Constitution, and let Congress pass any old act it pleases!

Which sounds fine indeed, until Congress takes it into its head to enact some law fatal to the interests of liberty and progress! Why this sudden trust in Congress and not in the Court? What we are conscious of at this moment is that we are living in dangerous times. Crazy financial schemes, for example, are in the air. Suppose Congress should yield to Townsend clamor as it has yielded to Bonus clamor, and enact the Townsend Plan. Would we not be glad to have the Supreme Court stand as a possible bulwark between the nation and this inflation flood? The "Red Scare" is seizing us like a fever. Suppose Congress, under the drive of Hearst, or the Legion, or the D.A.R. should pass a law robbing the citizens of fundamental liberties of speech and press and public assembly. Would not the liberals with one accord rush the bill to the Supreme Court, and thank God if it pronounced the bill unconstitutional as in conflict with the First Amendment? That's what we have actually done in the past, and may well be called upon to do again. In Italy, in Germany, the governments have done away with courts, and we regard this fact as a fundamental evidence of tyranny. Perhaps the preservation of courts is a fundamental evidence of liberty. Somewhere there would seem to be a middle road between no courts at all upon the one hand, and courts of absolute jurisdiction upon the other. The situation of courts acting under the authority of a Constitution which can itself be changed by due process of law would seem to be that blessed highway.

SENATOR BORAH AND THE PRESIDENCY

It is early to speak of presidential candidates, but we must record our conviction that it is a heartening thing when a man like Borah, of Idaho, begins to loom so conspicuously upon the political horizon. This distinguished senator, it must be noted, has certain distinct disqualifications for the campaign, at least from the traditional point of view. Thus, he comes from a small and unimportant state. He has for years been stubbornly independent, and thus a poor party man. He is identified with certain ideas and policies, such as inflation, which are distasteful to certain great areas of the country. He has few of the palavery graces, "all things to all men," which are so frequently rated as essential to the success of any candidate for public office. If Senator Borah now appears to be the most

impressive contender for the Republican nomination, it is in spite of these defects, and because of certain indubitably commanding aspects of personality which rank him in the great succession of American statesmen. Just to think of Borah is to be reminded of the giant figures of the Republic, especially of the immortal senators from Webster to Hoar. Here, first of all, is character—an integrity of spirit like the iron granite of the sea-cliffs of the coast of Maine. Here, second, is intellect—an able mind trained to the processes of thought. Here, third, is learning—a knowledge, especially in the field of constitutional law and democratic theory, which makes ridiculous the amateurish dabbling of contemporary politicians. The word, "statesman," is a noble word, in spite of its misuse as applied to any chance figure who manages to gain election as an alderman or sheriff, and it fits Senator Borah almost alone among the political leaders of America. As to the Idahoan's fundamental fitness for the presidency we do not speak at this time. We prefer to await his forthcoming speeches which will reveal whether he has kept pace with the experiences of this stressful age. His keynote speech on December 7 had disquieting indications of antiquity! What has concerned us here are the impressive dimensions of a personality which compel reverence and gratitude.

HAUPTMANN A NATIONAL FIGURE

If ever there was an argument against capital punishment, we have it in the Hauptmann case. The hysteria which has accompanied the trial of this man, and the aftermath of the trial, has of course been unprecedented. The sensational nature of his crime made this inevitable, the American people being what they are. But in essence this experience was only a repetition, on a national instead of a local scale, of every murder trial of the kind. What is at bottom of all the excitement, from the arrest to the execution in a case of this kind, is the fact that the alleged murderer is standing every hour in the shadow of *death*. There is the dramatization, in other words, of a struggle for *life*, under conditions which usually make impossible any certain demonstration of guilt or innocence. It is life-and-death which stirs the instinctive horror and therefore hysteria of the mob, and makes such a murder trial as that of Hauptmann a veritable orgy of public emotion. Here for months, now, this wretched being has been the center of a nation's attention. The man in the White House has had to take second place to the man in the Trenton death house. In a time when Europe has been on the verge of war, when America has been convulsed by the AAA decision, when Kipling was dying and Ellsworth found, everything has had to yield place to Hauptmann in public attention. The largest headlines we have seen since the Great War announced the reprieve by Governor Hoffman on January 16. And now the agony is going on, and will go on, until Hauptmann is dead or has received some other final determination of his case. And all because he was condemned to suffer capital punishment! Suppose now that, instead of being condemned to the electric chair, he had been condemned to life imprisonment. The mere fact that there was no shadow of death involved would have robbed the trial of half its drama and of all its emotionalism. And, with the verdict, interest would have ended. Capital punishment is sheer barbarism, and the Hauptmann case proves it.

AVE ATQUE VALE—RUDYARD KIPLING

Rudyard Kipling, dead on January 18, was an imperialist, a lover of arms and war, a believer in subject peoples (see "The White Man's Burden") and a misinterpreter of India, but also and primarily a writer of immortal genius. We don't care what were his political views, or what his militaristic manias. We have no sympathy with those who determine their literary enthusiasms by social doctrines, proletarian or otherwise. Kipling could roll any drums or lift any banners he wanted to—he still thrilled us with his poetry and enthralled us with his stories. Think of what he gave to England, and to all who speak the tongue of England! "Mandalay," "Gunga Din," "The Flag of England," "L'Envoi," "McAndrew's Hymn," "Mary, Pity Women," "The Bell Buoy," "The Recessional," "Danny Deever," among the poems; and *Wee Willie Winkie, The Brushwood Boy, The Phantom Rickshaw, Without Benefit of Clergy, They, The Ship That Found Itself, The Night Mail, Soldiers Three, The Jungle Books, Kim, Stalky & Co., Puck of Pook's Hill,* among the stories. These and others are among the enduring contributions which Kipling made to the rich treasure trove of English letters. This is stuff that is going to last along with Fielding, Scott, Dickens, and Hardy. It is true that Rudyard Kipling had not the long breath. He never produced, nor could have produced, an epic like "The Dynasts," or a novel like *The Heart of Midlothian* or *Henry Esmond.* It is true that his vision was limited and his sympathies fast-bound to the Empire. And his light failed, as Wordsworth's did, after a few years. But while it burned, it was resplendent. Within his appointed range Kipling was triumphant and preeminent. He was the artist born, like Minerva, in the full panoply of genius. There was an intensity about his work, a gusto and *elan,* and at his best a mastery of insight and of idiom, which were irresistible. It was no accident, least of all any flare of mere sensationalism, which made a new poem or story by Kipling a world event. Instinctively men knew that inspiration was in their midst, and they watched and waited as for a miracle. Now that Rudyard Kipling has gone, an age seems gone as well. The world is hushed as by the passing of a king. But let the trumpets blow and the flags be flown, and into the company of kings his body be borne. For he belongs to the great Abbey, where his name will not be dimmed even by such immortal shades.

Jottings

With the Christmas trees substituting blue lights for red, and the English deciding to dim the brightness of the red in their national flag, it looks as though the "red scare" were getting formidable. Perhaps the next move will be to change the color of our blood, the way the "blue-bloods" tried to do years ago.

The automobiles of America killed more than 34,000 persons last year, but the railroads of America killed nobody at all. In the face of such figures as these, there can no longer be any question of the superiority of the automobile over the railroad.

After reading all of J. P. Morgan's testimony before the Senate Munitions Committee, we have come to the conclusion that he never did anything in the War but make money out of it. Like his father in the Civil War, who sold muskets in New York instead of carrying them at the front! Well, that's enough to prove our case, and we think Senator Nye's.

Quadruplets have been born to a family in Coburg, Germany, and the government has promptly sent congratulations and the nation's gratitude to the father, Ewald Zimmerlein, "for his four-fold contribution to the movement for bigger and better families." The mother, according to the dispatches, is doing well, but she evidently had very little to do with the affair, as she is not named nor has she received any messages.

The National Broadcasting Company announces that it will put no political discussions on the air until after the presidential conventions. This seems to us to be shortsighted, for people are interested in politics. We wonder how long the newspapers would last if they put no political discussions into their columns!

J. H. H.

A Yankee's Way to Utopia

(On the 50th Anniversary of the Creation of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward")

DAVID GITTLEMAN

"Our dreams are the sequel of our
waking knowledge. . .
A mutual understanding is ever
the firmest chain. . .
What your heart thinks great, is
great. The soul's emphasis is
always right. . .
What a man does, that he has. . . "
—Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Spiritual Laws.*

Edward Bellamy, the one hundred percent American creator of the well-known American utopia, *Looking Backward,* is one of the few harbingers of reform of which our pioneering nation is justly proud. Of him may well be said, what a peer of Sanhedrim fame remarked referring to Rabbi Leazar ben Azariah, one of the original founders of the Talmud, *that a generation having a man like him is not orphaned.*

A true son of a Baptist clergyman, born in the state of Massachusetts, a law student turned journalist, Bellamy was confronted with man's inhumanities to man and dared to face the issue in the spirit of all New England pioneers, whose bravest sons set out to conquer an unfriendly continent. He knew the power of words, and tilted them most poignantly to unmask the social crimes which are religiously glossed over by polite and privileged society; characterized by the author as those riding the comfortable breezy upper deck of the social coach, pulled uphill by a starving humanity. He believed that by evading fundamental issues in the economic field, using patch-up legislation to hide the ulcer, we simply implant deeper and perpetuate the evils as they are. With all good Americans, he did not believe in the use of force, rightly trusting that the American democratic way of peaceful persuasion is the best and least harmful method of bringing about a desirable social change for the good of all. Using innocent romance as a vehicle, Bellamy set out, in 1886, to sketch the plans whereby the road out of chaos and strife is cleared for orderly creative life. What are the specific social evils the Yankee-journalist undertakes to combat, and what is his exact, and what he considered workable, remedy?

Armed with the undaunted zeal of an Emerson, the daring of a Minute Man or a Thoreau, and the fervent trust in the ultimate enthronement of the right, Bellamy becomes horrified by the division of society into classes and the unjustifiable plight of the masses. The mere sight of poverty in the midst of plenty is to him the height of folly, criminal folly. Analyzing in a dramatic way the effects of poverty, Bellamy says: for the body it is hunger and thirst, torment by heat and frost, in sickness neglect, in health unremitting toil; for the moral nature it means oppression, contempt, and the patient endurance of indignity, brutish association from infancy, the loss of all the innocence of childhood, the grace of womanhood, the dignity of manhood; for the mind it means deadly ignorance, the torpor of all those faculties which distinguish us from brutes. . . . [Poverty] makes of this otherwise treasure-laden world a Black Hole of Calcutta, with its press of maddened men tearing and trampling one another in the struggle to win a place at the breathing holes.

And Bellamy is deeply pained to see the nominal disciples of Christ, the lover of all men, in their social relations perform and scheme the most un-Christian deeds; preferring hatreds, exploitation, persecutions

and war to friendly cooperation in peace. Further in his studies he discovers that ours is a "stupendous system of brazen beggary," men "using their utmost skill to frustrate one another's efforts, praying by night and working by day for the destruction of one another's enterprises," with the "nation's livelihood abandoned to the haphazard efforts of individuals." Everybody, he realizes, is haggling for a price in the marketplace: the physician must sell his healing; the apostle his preaching; the prophet must dicker for the price of the revelation; the poet hawk his vision in printers' row. While admittedly "tending upward and sunward, from the aphelion of barbarism, the race," decries Bellamy, "attained the periphelion of civilization only to plunge downward once more to its nether goal in regions of chaos"; jeopardizing its very existence in a continuous stormy sea of social hatreds, strife, chronic unemployment, and savage warfare that spells the end of a civilization.

What lies at the root of our difficulties? An "excessive individualism inconsistent with much public spirit" is the author's diagnosis. To bring about a full recovery, a fundamental peaceful overhauling of our social engine is imperative—the New Englander offering a scheme of industrial organization on a national basis, apparently to his mind consistent with the spirit of our Declaration of the Rights of Man and Constitution, which would usher in "a social order at once so simple and logical that it seems but the triumph of common sense." Let the dreamer in his own words explain the workings of his plan.

According to the author of *Looking Backward,* social strife and mass-poverty are due to the folly of men, not to their hard-heartedness. The real cause of human misery, he says, is a hideous, ghastly mistake, a colossal world-darkening blunder. Charity and superficial reforms are merely imperfect devices to remedy unnecessary defects—clumsy crutches of a self-made cripple. It is the solemn duty then of the nation in its collective capacity to so regulate, for the universal good, the course of the life-giving stream as to make our earth bloom like one garden, and none of its children lack any good thing. To bring this about, an aroused public opinion and a peacefully creative citizenship are entering the political arena under the banner of a National Party, *whose one great object supremely worthy of effort and of sacrifice is the betterment of mankind from generation to generation, physically, mentally, morally.* The National Party undertakes to nationalize the function of production and distribution by peacefully administrative means. Everybody becomes a part of a system with a distinct place and function, leaving no room for the inhuman exploitation of man by man. In practice as well as in theory there is left no place for prejudice on account of race, nationality or creed. By changing the economic conditions of human life, the motives of human actions change, reasons the author. There is left no place for corruption and demagoguery, because the new order no longer offers a premium on dishonesty. It is simply a matter of common sense and a statement of a true situation that no business is so essentially the public business as the industry and commerce on which the people's livelihood depends; and that to entrust it to private persons to be managed for private profit is a folly similar in kind, though vastly greater in magnitude, to that of surrendering the functions of political government to kings and nobles to be conducted for their personal glorification.

In line with this traditionally sound American logic, the industry and commerce of the country cease to be conducted by a set of irresponsible corporations and syndicates of private persons at their caprice and for their profit, and are entrusted to a single syndicate representing the people, to be conducted in the common interest for the common profit. The nation becomes the sole employer—a monopoly in the profits and economies of which all citizens share. This system is elastic enough to give free play to every instinct of human nature which does not aim at dominating others or living on the fruit of others' labors. It is naturally to be expected that the efficiency of industry shall require the strictest discipline in the army of labor; but the claim of the workman to just and considerate treatment is backed by the whole power of the nation.

Up to the age of twenty-one, the new order offers freely to both sexes higher as well as elementary education. From the age of twenty-one to twenty-four, every able-bodied citizen enters an apprenticeship in the National Industrial Army, guided by the working formula of providing every one the kind of occupation he or she is best adapted to. All alike are furnished with healthful and inspiring occupation. The most arduous labors have the shortest work-days. Special provisions for rest and lighter tasks are made for women. At the age of twenty-four, after everyone has discovered for himself his life's pursuit and inclination (assisted in the choice by watchfully intelligent parents and instructors), the citizen enters upon twenty-one years of active service in his chosen field. At the age of forty-five, every citizen is mustered out of the Industrial Army, free to engage in any hobby which promises greatest satisfaction.

Out of the annual product of the nation, the amount necessary for the support of the people is taken, and the requisite labor to produce the next year's consumption is provided for. The residue of the material and labor represents what can be safely expended in improvements, public works and pleasures in which all share—such as public halls and buildings, art galleries, bridges, statuary, means of transit, great musical and theatrical exhibitions—and in providing on a vast scale for the recreation of the people. In place of the imbecility of the system of private enterprise with its myriad-headed leadership of private capital, likened by Bellamy to a horde of barbarians with a thousand petty chiefs—jealous, fearing, wastefully duplicating efforts and expense and mercilessly competing with one another—central bureaus directed by an efficiently devoted Administration in Washington guard and coordinate the needs and the wealth of the nation for the good of all. Wives are in no way economically dependent on their husbands. A strictly personal credit to supply all possible needs, corresponding to his share of the annual product of the nation, is issued to every citizen on the public books at the beginning of each year, and a credit card given with which he procures whatever he desires whenever he desires it. The government, the guild, and the individual citizen-worker guarantee the excellence of the product.

Buying and selling, argues the author of *Looking Backward,* are essentially anti-social in all their tendencies. They are an education in self-seeking at the expense of others, and no society whose citizens are trained in such a school can possibly rise above a very low grade of civilization. The worst thing about any system, stresses Bellamy, is that which divides men, or

allows them to be divided, into classes and castes, and that weakens the sense of common humanity. With no biting poverty to haunt them, diligence in the national service is the sole and certain way to public repute, social distinction and official power. A man's natural endowments, mental and physical, determine what he can work at most profitably to the nation and most satisfactorily to himself. Honorable public mention, prizes, the national ribbon of honor, are all desirable tokens of public acknowledgment, so that no form of personal merit passes without recognition.

Under the new order, production for use (*not profit*) and the fair distribution of national wealth are simple problems of scientific management, where needs and functions are perfectly harmonized. The entire field of productive and constructive industry, says Bellamy, is divided into ten great departments, each representing a group of allied industries, represented by a bureau, which has a complete record of the plant and force. The heads of the distributing centers furnish to the central administration frequent estimates, based upon public taste and demand; these estimates are sent to the production centers, which in turn pour their products into the hoppers of architectural palaces, gigantic centrally-located storehouses, to issue in packages for immediate delivery. Individual orders are left by the citizen in his local, attractively-furnished order-store, where samples of all available products with full particulars are kept for public inspection. A government guaranty of quality is attached to each sample. A popular petition guaranteeing a certain basis of consumption is sufficient to produce the desired article, if not already available. A national inspection department looks after all complaints of defects in goods, inefficiency of officials or dereliction of any kind in the public service.

The author reminds us that the main basis of existence is not mere labor and material efficiency, but those intellectual and spiritual enjoyments and pursuits which alone mean life. After twenty-four years of active service, the citizens, having reached the age of forty-five, happily anticipate living to the ripe age of eighty-five or ninety, in travel, social relaxation, pursuing scientific, artistic, literary, scholarly interests, in line with personal idiosyncrasies. As Bellamy succinctly phrases it, at twenty-one the citizens of New Boston become men; at forty-five they renew youth. The industrial and professional guilds have club-houses as well as country, mountain and seaside houses for sport and rest. The people vote upon the acceptance of statues and paintings for the public buildings, and their favorable verdict carries with it the artist's remission from other tasks in order to devote himself to his vocation. The press of the New Boston, unlike the press Bellamy himself served in the capacity of journalist, is not crude and flippant in judgment, deeply colored with prejudice and bitterness, giving an unfavorable impression of popular intelligence; it is not controlled and managed by private capital as a money-making business. In the Boston of the Yankee's own making, the subscribers themselves choose their editors who, according to the author, have only the public good to defend.

Bellamy's educational system merits particular attention. There are three main grounds, he suggests, on which the educational system rests: first, the right of every man to the completest education the nation can give him on his own account, as necessary to his enjoyment of himself; second, the right of his fellow-citizens to have him educated, as necessary to their enjoyment of his society; third, the right of the unborn child to be guaranteed an intelligent and refined parentage. The teacher and student are living personalities, actually loving their pursuits and actively engaged in the recreation of a fine personality in an excellent society. A thorough study of the national industrial system, with the history and rudiments of all great trades, is an essential part of the system. The schools are always open to aspirants without condition, the public policy being to encourage all to develop suspected talents of which only actual tests can prove the reality. The author's contention is that there is far less interference of any sort with personal liberty under the new order than we were accustomed to under the old order of things, where fear and hunger were the sole driving forces of the great masses of humanity.

Discussing a subject very near to the heart of the modern citizen, who wakes and retires with the ominous clatter of war-preparations against a mysterious foe somewhere behind our children's nursery, Bellamy bitterly exclaims: "In heaven's name, who are the public enemies? Are they France, England, Germany, or hunger, cold, and nakedness?" In your day, he argues, governments were accustomed on the slightest international misunderstanding to seize upon the bodies of citizens and deliver them over by hundreds of thousands to death and mutilation, wasting their treasure the while like water; and all this oftenest for no imaginable profit to the victims. But in the ideal state of Bellamy's own pattern there is no fear of war and the government has no war power. In order to protect every citizen against hunger, cold, and nakedness, and provide for all his physical and cultural needs, the function is assumed of directing his industry for a term of years. And why not? Since when is the killing of men a task so much more important than feeding and clothing them? . . .

Nearly a generation before Colonel House and President Wilson outlined publicly their prospectus for the League of Nations, we find in *Looking Backward* the following solution for the very moot problems for which the League was created. The peaceful relations of the nations of the world, we are told, are assured by a loose form of federal union of world-wide extent. An international council regulates the mutual intercourse and commerce of the members of the union. Complete autonomy within its own limits is enjoyed by every nation. Each nation has a bureau of foreign exchange, which manages its trading. For example, the American bureau, estimating such and such quantities of French goods necessary to America for a given year, sends the order to the French bureau which in turn sends its order to our bureau. The same is done mutually by all the nations. An international council inspects the commodities interchanged by the nations, to see that they are of perfect quality. National staples are used for the settlement of accounts. We all look forward, adds the visionary, to an eventual unification of the world as one nation. And why not, when reason and collective good-will combine for the purpose? Clearly, fraternal cooperation does away with all "merchants of death," "merchants of lies," and prevents the exploitation of the less fortunate ones and the plunderings of the so-called backward peoples. The right of any man to emigrate is unrestricted.

Elegant community dining halls cater to a highly cultured patronage, serving also as a social rendezvous, with no provision for entertainment or recreation lacking. The streets of the new city are broad and beautiful; the houses are comfortable, to suit the individual

taste. The worker and the mother receive the highest gratitude of the nation. Lawyers and the study of law are obsolete. In Bellamy's New America there are no jails, and the rare cases of crime, due to recurrence of ancestral traits, are treated in hospitals. In the older order, fully nineteen-twentieths of the crimes resulted from the inequality in the possessions of individuals; want tempted the poor, lust of greater gains, or the desire to preserve former gains, tempted the well-to-do. But once the nation is made the sole trustee of the wealth of the people and guarantees to all abundant maintenance, the poison that overshadowed society withers like Jonah's gourd in a day.

And what about law-making? Very simple; they have nothing to make laws about in the New America, Bellamy informs us. Congress meets only once in five years; and the function of the administration being simply the direction of the nation's industry for the good of all, there is no place for professional politicians or legislators. Of course, there is plenty of room and work for good workers with brain and muscle; as well as ample field for initiative and good administrators. But this must be worked out in the daily routine of practical service and achievement and with a resultant good for the greatest of numbers, allowing none to suffer. Indeed, there is even an aristocracy in New Boston; but it is composed solely of those who have risen above their fellowmen by the solidity or brilliance of their services to humanity.

Clearly, *Looking Backward* was conceived as a timely message to a humanity in the agonies of foul leadership. Half a century after Bellamy sat down with pen to champion the cause of Justice and Humanity, his points of argument seem as vital and well-taken as then. As one turns the pages of his book, he cannot fail to sense and be stirred by the author's plea to lay aside the social traditions and practices of barbarism; to become co-workers; and to discover in the fraternity of nations at once the science of wealth and happiness. He was persuaded by his own logic and the crying needs of the day that a better social order is within reach, once economic justice and collective wisdom in freedom undertake the task. In the new state the fear of want and the lust of gain become extinct motives. There are no more beggars, nor almoners. Equity leaves charity without an occupation. Where there is no temptation to theft, no occasion to lie either for fear or favor, no room for envy, there is little provocation to violence left. Peacefully creative work, with service replacing the motive of unethical profiteering at the expense of the weaker ones, guides human destinies towards an order where humanity's ancient dream of liberty, equality, fraternity, mocked by so many ages, becomes at last a reality.

So much for theory, dreaming and utopian philosophy. What about our pragmatically cold immediate future? What is to be done in a brutally cynical, materialistic world which laughs at visions, scoffs at the mere mention of humanity, and persecutes its own friends and prophets? What is there for the humble citizen to do, who abhors violence, loves to see his beloved country in creatively blissful growth and peace, and pines for justice and a world where mutual aid is to replace mutual jealousy and destruction? What is he to do now? And what is he to tell his children, who are being crowded in military camps or huddled in remote woodland away from home, friends and civic responsibilities? . . . Last but not least, to quote John Haynes Holmes, can we "reach the heights without passing through the pit of horror?"

The author of *Looking Backward* seemed to have sensed these very queries, for he says that all thoughtful men agree that the present aspect of society is portentous of great changes. The only question is whether they will be for the better or the worse. Those who believe in man's essential nobleness lean to the former view; those who believe in his essential baseness, to the latter. "For my part," the Yankee informs us, "I hold to the former opinion. The Golden Age lies before us—if we deserve it by our faith and by our works."

Imaginary Naval Conference Without Polite Phrases

JOSEPH SOUTHALL

ENGLAND—We are here representing five Great Powers all ardently desiring to achieve Peace and Disarmament, and success will certainly attend our labors. In the meantime it is necessary for Great Britain to increase her armaments largely, so that she may be able to enforce Peace.

FRANCE—We are entirely in accord with Great Britain; we have always striven for Disarmament, but like our neighbors we find our armaments at a dangerously low level, so that the only guaranty of Peace consists in augmenting the French army and navy.

ITALY—We are in full agreement with England and France and echo their sentiments but we also have been compelled to mobilize more men and increase the power of our defensive forces as the only safeguard against attack.

JAPAN—We yield to none in our desire for Peace and Disarmament but our special position in the Pacific necessitates an increase in our Navy in order that Peace may be maintained.

AMERICA—In common with all the other Powers we find our armed forces at a dangerously low level, and as Peace and Disarmament are our principal desire, we are compelled against our will to build more ships and guns.

Conclusion

THE HOST—Gentlemen, we have now come to the end of our strenuous labors. We have lunched, dined and banqueted together, we have explored every menu, and the whole has been carried on with entire cordiality. Our work has been crowned with success beyond our hopes, for we have achieved unanimity on two main points:

1. We find that no one dreams of attacking anyone else.
2. It follows that we must all greatly strengthen our defenses, since we know the value of these friendly professions. Thus we hope to avert an armament race!

Finally, I ask you before we disperse to drink one more health. (Here the delegates rise.) Gentlemen! "The Armament Firms."

London, England.

"The Captains and the Kings Depart"

FRED W. SHORTER

Last week there died in a quiet village of England an old man who missed dying great because he lived too long. Rudyard Kipling, who once stirred the hearts of millions, lived the last twenty years of his life forgotten even by the nation whose might he had worshipped. After all, it was the kindest thing his country could do to him—to let him die peacefully in seclusion. He really did not belong to it any more. It is the kindest fate for any old person who fails to move on with the changing world about him.

Kipling belonged to a day that is dead, or at least in its senility. His songs were hymns of British imperialism. We dimly recall as a small boy in Australia his couplets of patriotism that whipped up the flagging interest of the people in a war of crude economic imperialism. He was the spokesman of the typical lord-of-creation Englishman. He took seriously the white man's burden. The Indian and the African needed the tender care and divine guidance of the British. He could not see the cruel exploitation and the grinding poverty upon which the glory of England rested. That is why for the last two decades he has been forgotten. Even those whose praises he sang had come to see the breakdown of that empire of greed and intolerance. The very imperialism he extolled took terrible toll of him. The world war brought him his greatest tragedy. It killed his only son, the apple of his eye, to whom he looked to project the name of Kipling into the coming generations. From the day of his son's death until his own he nursed a great bitterness toward innocent German people, blind to the fact that the real killer was the very imperialism he had always praised.

It would not be fair or correct to say that imperialism and jingoism were all that Kipling expressed. Like any another nationalist and patriot he had flashes of insight into our common humanity that carried him above racial and national levels. Little children of all lands, from Russia to Australia, have listened goggle-eyed to the story of how the elephant got his trunk. When his songs of war and empire have been forgotten the jungle stories will be remembered. We shall not forget that he it was who said the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under the skin. We shall always feel moved at his description of that "squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din," the Indian water boy who cared so tenderly for his white soldiers and who was drilled by a bullet as he bent over a wounded Tommy.

> "Though I've belted you and flayed you,
> By the living Gawd that made you,
> You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

In the ballad of "East and West" common human courage vanquishes racial distinctions:

> "But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"

It is ironical that Kipling's one great poem condemns national pride and military arrogance. Certain words from that poem come with peculiar power at this moment.

> "The captains and the kings depart,
> Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart."

King George and Rudyard Kipling, born in the same hour, departing in the same hour, are symbolic of a passing world. They mark the passing of the old world of imperialism and exploitation and the birth of a new world in which the "myriad monarchs take their own." Pomp and pride based on blood and birth are cast down. Kings give place to workers. Monarchism to Stakhanovism. Character, skill, achievement are mounting to the saddle to lead the people to a new and abundant life. A few days before these two old men died, the President of the United States said: "Within the democratic nations the chief concern of the people is to prevent the continuation of the rise of the autocratic institutions that beget slavery at home and aggression abroad." Those are brave words, the expression of a new day. But within a few hours he presented to Congress the budget. And in that budget are the seeds of both slavery at home and aggression abroad. How else can one interpret the fact that the message insisted upon reductions in relief and increases in armament? Reductions in relief—when men, women and children are desperate and millions are on the edge of actual starvation! In the face of that terrible condition this leader of a new nation asks more and more for the army and the navy. We read that in Fascist Germany the soldiers are well-fed while the people cry in vain for enough to eat. Are we placing our feet upon the same path? "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget."

In the proposed budget there is asked one billion dollars for the army and navy departments, an increase of over one hundred and thirty-five million dollars over last year's terrible load. There is an increase of over two millions for the National Guard. We know too well what the National Guard is used for! There is an increase of fifty-five and a half millions for navy ships. Almost ten millions are for the Naturalization and Immigration Department. Those of us who know something of the machinations of that department (note the Walter Baer of Portland case) know how that money will be used.

Are not the words of Kipling's "Recessional" too appropriate? "For heathen heart that puts her trust in reeking tube and iron shard, [and in gas bombs and blackjacks] thy mercy on thy people, Lord." No country has less cause to put its trust in military and naval force in international relations. Lloyd's, good gamblers that they are, bet five hundred to one against invasion of the United States by a foreign foe. What is true in international relations is doubly true in domestic affairs. Tranquility and happiness depend upon justice—"Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart." "Reeking tube and iron shard," the old world of force and oppression, must give place to contrition and justice. Thus we pray that in the passing of the two old men, the King and his singer, there may pass the old world, both from their country and ours, and that the new world, of which they at time caught glimpses, may rise to bless our common humanity.

Hitler's Germany*

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

The subject of my address this evening is "Hitler's Germany." I should like to say, if I may, at the outset, that this subject seems to me the most painful and unpleasant subject in the contemporary world, painful and unpleasant to me, to you, and to hundreds of thousands of victims in Germany, Jews and non-Jews alike, of the most cruel and barbarous persecution in modern times. No loyal American, no convinced liberal, no human being who retains a spark of decency and sanity and tolerance can regard the Nazi regime in Germany in any other light than as an embodiment of despotism, autocracy and brutality. The Nazi dictatorship, as I have observed it in practice, as I have watched it on the scene, as I have studied it in detail, is without question the most monstrous and perverted despotism in the history of our civilization. This is a regime of criminal gangsters, of sadistic psychopaths, of dangerous lunatics who have hypnotized and bewitched an entire people into a way of life which is corrupt, vicious and degenerate, which is filled with the stench of mental and moral disintegration and social and spiritual decay, which is shot through with homicidal megolomania and the black shadow of death.

These things you know. They cannot be said too often to the great public outside these walls to which the truth about Germany is still all too little known. I have said these things many times. I have said them, as an American; I have said them as a liberal; I have said them as a social scientist, and I have said them as one who is still proud of the fact that his ancestors were born in Germany, and who is still proud to look upon Germany as a second Fatherland.

I should prefer this evening, if I may, to speak not only of Hitler's Germany, but to speak of the two Germanies which have forever been in conflict within the German soul itself. Only through a comparison between these two Germanies can one comprehend the Germany of Hitler and the roots of the brown barbarism which now reigns in the Third Reich. So crushed, so beaten, so voiceless is the other Germany, that many of us, I think, are disposed to think that it exists no longer. But this other Germany has most of the time been crushed and beaten, except for brief periods, and this other Germany has always survived and lived. It will survive, it will live now. It lives today. It lives in the Nazi jails and concentration camps, it lives in the suffering and self-sacrifice of those who prefer torture and death to submission. It lives in hundreds of thousands of humble homes in the Reich, and not least in the Jewish homes. It lives in the courage of the Catholic and Protestant clergyman who dare to defy Caesar in order to serve God. It lives in the underground opposition movement. The other Germany lives.

I am speaking, of course, of that Germany of liberalism, of culture, of civilization, which for centuries has been the admiration and the enlightenment of mankind by its achievements in art, in literature, in science, and philosophy. I am speaking of that Germany which is the true Fatherland of all Germans who are still in their right minds and who are forward-looking and liberal and humanistic. I am speaking of a Germany which is far older than the defunct Weimar Republic. I am speaking of that Germany which is as old as the Hohenstauffen Emperors of the Middle Ages, as old as the medieval cathedrals, the Niebelungenleid, the Minnesingers and the meistersingers and the legends of the Lorelei, of Tannhauser and of Lohengrin. I am speaking of that Germany which is as old as John Sebastian Bach, that Germany represented by Dresden china, by Christmas trees, by toy makers, by the old Nürnberg, not the Nürnberg of the perverted sadist, Julius Streicher, but the beautiful, noble Nürnberg of Hans Sachs and Albert Dürer. I am speaking of the Germany of Beethoven, of Brahms and of the young Wagner in the realm of music. I am speaking of the Germany which includes most of the great names in German art and literature, and some of the great names in German politics and religion.

That other Germany, that Germany of liberalism, of freedom and humanism, is, like most things in this world, not of pure parentage. It is not Aryan and it is not Nordic. It was and is a product of a melting pot, a product of a fusing of many religious, racial and cultural strains into a rich and fruitful synthesis. On to the elements of the German Renaissance and the German Reformation, which were forward-looking and humanistic, there were grafted, in the course of centuries, French influences, Slavic influences, Catholic influences, Italian influences, and, last but not least, Jewish influences, until this other German culture became something fine and beautiful and noble.

I cannot refrain, here, from speaking briefly of the contributions of the Jewish Community in Germany to German culture, chiefly because those contributions, I think, are still very much misunderstood, especially by some of the Jews in Germany themselves. Jewish influence on German culture, like Jewish influence on most national cultures, has always been a liberalizing and humanizing influence, not because of any peculiar virtues, I think, in the Jewish people, but because of certain qualities which are a product of Jewish historical experience. The Jewish community, even when it assimilates itself to the nation in which it lives, even when it forgets its birthright, even when it makes itself one with the community where it resides, as the German Jewish community in recent generations has to a large degree done, still retains a certain esthetic sensitiveness, a certain cosmopolitanism and catholicity of outlook, a certain sense of what is forever right and forever wrong, a certain sense of what is eternal and what is temporal, to a far greater degree than do native provincials who have never seen the world, who have never suffered, who have never drunk deeply of life. For that reason, the Jewish influence on German culture has, I say, always been a humanizing and liberalizing influence, and world Jewry might do well to plead guilty with pride to the Nazi accusation that Jewish influence has been of great significance in the culture of liberal Germany. Non-Jewish German liberals might do well to be grateful, and indeed they are grateful, for that Jewish influence. If there is anything wrong with German culture, and there are a great many things profoundly wrong with it, the things which are wrong are not a result of excessive Jewish influence on that culture, they are rather the result of too little Jewish influence.

I should like to suggest that one might well make the same statement for German business and for

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German politics and even for German military prowess. I am reminded of the story of the Nazi storm trooper who undertook, on the streets of Berlin, to bait and provoke an elderly Jewish gentleman, saying insultingly, "Who caused Germany to lose the war?" The elderly gentleman replied, "Why, the Jewish generals." The storm trooper said, "Ah! You admit it then. You admit that it was the Jews. We were right. The Jewish generals? Why . . . Why . . . But, we didn't have any Jewish generals" "No," replied the elderly gentleman. "We had no Jewish generals, but the other side did."

One does not think of valor in war as being a peculiarly Jewish quality, but I cannot help, in this connection, recalling that twelve thousand German Jews laid down their lives for the German Fatherland in the Great War, and I cannot help recalling that Imperial Germany would never have been able to resist its enemies until 1918 had it not been for the services of three Jewish geniuses: First, Erich von Richthofen, the Red Knight of Germany, the greatest of war aces, who gave his life for his German Fatherland. His name is now disgraced by the Jew-baiter, Goering, who was once proud to serve under Richthofen, and who still shamelessly uses his name to promote German aviation; second, Fritz Haber, Nobel prize winner in chemistry, who invented the process of fixing nitrogen from the atmosphere and thereby made blockaded Germany independent of foreign nitrates for explosives. In January of 1934, Fritz Haber died, a broken and forgotten man, in a Swiss hotel, driven out by the very people whom he served; third, Walter Rathenau, who was the great organizer of the German war industries and later one of the most brilliant foreign ministers of the Republic. He was assassinated, for his pains, in 1922, and, believe it or not, the Nazis have erected a monument to his murderers, who are now Nazi heroes.

But I cannot undertake to review here all the contributions of Jewry to German civilization, for their number is far too great. The point I would make is that this other Germany, to which German Jewry has contributed so much, has all of the time, in the past, been at war with the Germany of Hitler, and has much of the time, in the past, been under the iron heel of despotism, as it is today. For notice that the Germany, which is now symbolized by Hitler, is far older than Adolf Hitler himself. The Germany of Hitler, like the Germany of liberalism and humanitarianism, is a very old Germany. Hitlerism is merely the culmination, the final product, the death rattle, the hideous delirium of all of the dark and evil elements in German civilization that have come down through the ages. These elements are worth bearing in mind if one would evaluate what Hitlerite Germany is, and contemplate what its future may be. These elements are as old as Prussian militarism, and as old as the Prussian Junkers whose unscrupulous greeds and ambitions have always been the curse of Germany. These elements are as old as the grasping monopolistic industrialists of the Rhineland, as old as the stuffy aristocrats and the petty tyrants of the old Germany, as old as the stubborn, half-insane, impenetrable blind stupidity and conceit which the German ruling classes have always exhibited. Naziism is nothing new; it is a compound, it is a combination of all of these various things put together in a wholly mad form, but having its roots deep in the German past. It is a product of that German culture which have given to the modern world militarism and autocracy, schrecklichkeit in war, swashbuckling, sabre-rattling, fire-breathing imperialism in peace, poison gas and liquid fire and long-range guns and death-dealing submarines, and every fiendish device for the murder and suicide of mankind. These are the elements which have gone into the making of National Socialism.

This Germany, feared and despised by the rest of the world, has always been in conflict with the other Germany to which the rest of the world has always paid homage. I wish time permitted me, this evening, to go into the details of that conflict through the years. I wish I had time to quote what outstanding Germans have thought about the German culture from which Hitlerism has come. I could quote what Frederick the Great thought about it—he was part of it, but he saw through it—and what Nietzsche thought about it—he was also part of it, but he also saw through it. But I am going to limit myself to a single quotation from a truly great German who saw deeply, who saw far, partly because he was also a Jew, that German who was undoubtedly Germany's greatest romantic poet, Heinrich Heine. Heine was driven from Germany because he dared to demand freedom, and he devoted many of his splendid energies to ridiculing and denouncing that dark and evil Germany from which Hitlerism has now come, just as he devoted his other energies to glorifying and ennobling that other Germany which he loved. Almost a century ago he wrote these words, which are to my way of thinking as accurate a description, as accurate a prophecy of the Germany of today as anything I have seen. He said, in his literary history of Germany:

> The day will some day come when the Germans will fall victim to that battle-madness which we find among the ancient Teutonic races who fought neither to kill nor conquer, but for the very love of fighting itself. It is the fairest merit of Christianity that it somewhat mitigated that brutal German gaudium certaminis or joy in battle, but it could not destroy it. And should that subduing talisman, the Cross, break, then will come crashing and roaring forth the wild madness of the old champions, the insane Berserker rage, of which Northern poets say and sing. That talisman is brittle, and the day will come when it will pitifully break. The old stone gods will rise from long-forgotten ruin, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor, leaping to life with his giant hammer, will crush the Gothic cathedrals! But when those days shall come, and ye hear the stamping and ring of arms, guard ye well, ye neighbors' children, ye French, and put not forth your hands into what we are doing in Germany, for verily evil will come upon you for that. Beware lest ye blow the fire and take good heed that ye do not quench it; ye can in so doing all too easily burn your fingers. . . .
>
> There will be played in Germany a drama compared to which the French Revolution will be only an innocent idyl. . . .
>
> You have more to fear from Germany set free than from all the Holy Alliance with all the Croats and Cossacks. . . . I have the kindest feelings for you, and I was almost alarmed when I read lately that your Minister proposed to disarm France.
>
> For, despite your present Romanticism, you are born classics, you know Olympus well. Among the naked gods and goddesses who there make merry over nectar and ambrosia, you may see one goddess who, though surrounded by such festivity and gaiety, ever wears a coat of mail and bears helmet on head and spear in hand. It is the Goddess of Wisdom.

Heine's last words to France and to the world, were "Remain on guard! I know the German madness. Some day my fellow countrymen will lose their minds and become criminal maniacs."

All of this has come to pass. Hitlerism is criminal insanity. Hitlerism is the final madness of the dark and evil forces which again and again have attempted to strangle and destroy all that was finest and most beautiful and most contributory to civilization in the other Germany. And if the Jews in Germany are the particular objects of Nazi fury, it is not so much because they

are Jews as because they symbolize and represent so much of the other liberal Germany which Hitlerism must attempt to demolish.

If one is to understand Hitlerism, one must bear in mind these elements in the German past out of which it has come, and one must also bear in mind, in the recent past and in the present, the answers, the all too frequently forgotten answers, to the questions: Who put Hitlerism in power in Germany? Who maintains Hitlerism in power in Germany? Who profits from the maintenance of Hitlerism in power in Germany? You will not find these elements and forces among the humble, common working people of the Reich. You will not find them among the lower middle class people who permitted themselves to be hypnotized into insanity by the Nazi propaganda.

You will find them instead in the ancient ruling classes of the German state. You will find them in those classes which have always, in Germany, represented greed and stupidity and insolence and intolerance, among the great land-owning Junkers of Prussia and the industrial magnates of the Rhineland and the Ruhr—among the feudal robber-barons of the East and the capitalistic robber-barons of the West. These are the elements responsible for Hitlerism. These are the elements which put Hitler in power in Germany and keep Hitler in power. This form of dictatorship was invented and created and subsidized and called into being by the Prussian Junkers and by the West German industrialists to serve their own selfish purposes. These are the groups and these are the only groups in Germany who have profited from the maintenance of Hitlerism in power. I need only recall that the greatest subsidizer of Hitlerism was Fritz Thyssen, head of the German Steel Trust, who entered into the monstrous conspiracy of January, 1933, with the Reichsverband der Industrie and the East Prussian Landbund and that sainted, stuffed-shirt, Junker Hypocrite, Paul von Hinderburg, to make Hitler Chancellor of the Reich; these two ruling elements in German society were more than satisfied with the result. And when later, certain idealistic elements in the Nazi party, certain genuinely honest and sincere radicals in the movement itself, dared to attack and criticize the industrialists and the Junkers, and attempted to turn Hitler against them, what did he do? He took his orders as he always does, from the Junkers and the industrialists, for he is only their puppet. He had these radicals and idealists ruthlessly murdered on Bloody Saturday in June of last year.

One will fail to comprehend the political and social meaning of the Nazi dictatorship unless one bears in mind that these two great forces in Germany, these two great ruling classes, the Junkers and the heavy-industrialists and financiers, are behind Hitlerism and support Hitlerism and have called Hitlerism into being to serve their purposes. The Junkers are satisfied because the Nazi regime has established such control over agriculture that the entire mass of German consumers pays exorbitant prices for the products of the Junker estates, and the Junkers wax fat at the expense of the entire population, which is reduced to a state of semi-starvation. They have control of the German army, as they always have controlled it, and they will some day use it again for imperialist aggrandizement and their own glory. The industrialists have made money hand over fist for orders and more orders for guns, for artillery, for bombing planes, for tanks, for poison gas, for all the paraphernalia of Nazi imperialism and war. Why should not these groups be satisfied with the Nazi dictatorship? They are well satisfied.

Make no mistake. I am arguing here that things have reached a point in Germany at which Nazi fanaticism is now inseparably wedded to Prussian Junkerdom and monopolistic big business. These elements have entered into an unholy alliance which I venture to suggest is unbreakable under present circumstances. That is not a pleasant nor an easy thing to say. I should prefer to say that there was a possibility that the Junkers might reject Hitler and that German big business might prefer some other form of government, or that through internal forces in Germany Hitlerism might disappear, while the Junkers remain and the industrialists of West Germany remain. I have not that hope. I am convinced that these elements of this unholy alliance will live together or will perish together, and that Hitlerism will last so long as the Prussian Junkers last as a ruling class, and monopolistic big business and finance in Germany maintains the position which it has secured.

Make no mistake. The combination of political and racial fanaticism, as represented by the Nazis, and of Prussian Junker militarism, and of industrial and financial imperialism, is the greatest peril to Western civilization which has ever come into being. There can be no peace in Europe, there can be no peace or security in the world, there can be no hope of survival for the Jews in Germany, there can be no hope of liberalism in the Western world, there can be no hope for the survival and resurrection of that other Germany which we all love, until Hitlerism is destroyed. And when Hitlerism is destroyed, the destruction will be partial and incomplete and futile unless the roots of Hitlerism are likewise destroyed, unless the Junker class of Prussia is wiped out, and unless the monopolistic industrialists and financiers of West Germany are wiped out also. Only a social revolution will destroy the Nazi dictatorship!

There is one other aspect of the problem which all of us who are interested in it will do well to bear in mind. That is this, that the only language which Fascism ultimately understands, the only language which will be finally effective, is the language of force, the language of force to the utmost, relentless, remorseless and annihilating. I do not wish to be misunderstood in saying this. I am not here to preach an armed crusade against the Third Reich. I shall never preach an armed crusade against the Third Reich until German Fascism first takes the sword. But I know, as I know that night follows day, that when the economic and social situation in Fascist Germany becomes utterly impossible, as it has already become utterly impossible in Fascist Italy, the armed legions of Naziism will be launched upon a war of imperialistic conquest against the world, against the Baltic States, against Russia, against Czechoslavakia, against France, and possibly against Switzerland and Holland as well. I know that Hitler must some day, like Mussolini, find his Ethiopia. Fascism means war. Fascism means intolerance and bigotry and autocracy and Anti-Semitism. But above all, Fascism means war! War is the inevitable result of Fascism, and I predict that the day will come, and is not far distant, when German Fascism will do what Italian Fascism is now doing, and precipitate a bloody conflict on the European continent. When that day comes, the anti-Fascist forces in the world must counter-attack with such overwhelming force that the war will be sharp, the war will be swift, and Naziism will be annihilated as a result of it.

All of this, I believe, will come to pass, as Heine's prophecy has come to pass. But the immediate task of today is not that task of war as yet. As I see it, the task of today is not the task of opposing Hitlerism by force. Any attempt to oppose Hitlerism by force now would, I think, aggravate the disease rather than contribute towards its cure. The task of today is the task of erecting a sanitary cordon around this source of social infection, this suppurating cancer, in central Europe. If it is to be effective, this sanitary cordon must be political, it must be economic, it must be social, it must be moral. It must be imposed not only for the ultimate protection of German Jewry, it must be imposed for the ultimate protection of liberalism and democracy and humanism throughout the world. I mean by that, concretely, that the boycott on German goods must be extended and intensified. I mean by that that the monstrous disgrace, the monstrous impending incredible disgrace of possible American participation in the Olympic games in Berlin must be prevented at all costs. The third Reich must be completely isolated, as victims of cholera and bubonic plague are isolated, morally isolated, economically isolated, and socially isolated in every sense of the term.

It seems to me that in the accomplishment of that task, American and world Jewry has a peculiar mission and a peculiar duty. It is, I suppose, presumptuous for a non-Jew to say anything about how the Jews of the world, in their present difficult situation, shall meet their problems, and I say what I am going to say in all humility, in the conviction that you would like me to speak what is in my mind freely, whatever your reactions to it may be. It seems to me that the Jews of America and of the world have a peculiar mission and a peculiar duty to perform in this matter, and that that mission and that duty are nothing less than the assumption of leadership in erecting and making effective this sanitary cordon around the Third Reich, of which I was speaking. The function of leadership, the function of organization, the function of awakening peoples throughout the world to the human values involved and to the menace to Western civilization as a whole which Hitlerism represents—that service will be a service rendered not only to the Jews of Germany, but a service rendered to liberal culture throughout the entire world, that culture to which the Jews have contributed so significantly and so splendidly in the past. I would qualify that only by suggesting this, that the Jews of the world, in pursuance of the principle that self-preservation is the first law of life, will do well to recognize, as Dr. Wise pointed out at the Covenant Club this afternoon, that in protecting themselves, they are also protecting more than themselves, far more than themselves. They will do well to remember that Jewry gave to the world not only Judaism, but Christianity as well. They will do well to remember that Jewry contributed importantly and significantly to all the values of liberalism and democracy and humanitarianism in our contemporary civilization. They will do well not to yield those things, not to surrender those things, not to cease to identify themselves with those things. And finally, they will do well to remember that the enemy of Jewry and the enemy of liberal civilization is not a little ridiculous screaming fanatic from Austria with a Charlie Chaplin mustache; that it is not a lot of lunatics in Berlin running around in brown shirts. They will do well to remember that the real enemy of Jewry and liberal civilization is Fascism, Fascism in all its forms, in all its manifestations. No one who would preserve that liberal civilization, no one who would preserve racial and class minorities from persecution and intolerance can protest over what is happening to the Jewish people at the hands of German Fascism and remain silent over the adventures of Italian Fascism in Ethiopia, in murdering and pillaging the black people of Africa, or over the adventures of Japanese Fascism in murdering and pillaging the yellow people of China.

This is a common problem. It is a problem of Fascism everywhere, and my own conviction is that world Jewry can meet the problem most effectively by cooperating in a broad, united front with all the anti-Fascist forces in the world today.

Summary of the Humanist Position

CURTIS W. REESE

1. The old religions having been disrupted by social changes and modern knowledge, the vital movements today are toward Humanism.

2. While the forms and techniques of religion change through the ages, religion itself remains constant as man's effort to achieve a satisfactory life.

3. Our major task is the building of a candid Humanism that will meet the needs of the present.

4. Abandoning the traditional dualism of body and spirit, Humanism regards man as organic to nature, having evolved as a part of a self-existing universe.

5. The interplay of man with his natural and social environment and heritage has produced various cultures which have largely moulded the life of individuals.

6. Accepting the spirit and method of science, abandoning theism and all cosmic guaranties of human values, Humanism regards religion as consisting of actions, purposes, and experiences that are humanly significant, and so rejects the idea of uniquely religious attitudes and emotions.

7. The complete realization of human personality here and now, involving a heightened sense of personal and social life, is the supreme aim of Humanism.

8. Humanism will foster not wishful thinking and sentimental hopes, but mental and social hygiene to the end that man shall live creatively, joyously, satisfactorily.

9. Institutions exist for man, not man for institutions.

10. Acquisitive, profit-motivated society must be replaced with a cooperative economy.

11. Humanism affirms life and elicits its possibility for all.

12. The goal of Humanism is a commonwealth of man in which all people voluntarily and intelligently cooperate for the common good.

Fool-Force

HAROLD P. MARLEY

Gandhi calls it *ahimsa*—this soul force which wins issues without duress. The Hebrews called it *ruach,* or spirit of God, and the Greeks too had a word for it, *pneuma.* The Christians elevated this psychological phenomenon to the level of deity, calling it *holy ghost,* and Francis of Assisi and Tolstoy witnessed to it in their own particular fashion.

American civilization with all its gears has squeezed this out of existence, and the only word suitable to describe it is one of opprobrium. A person today who engages in the high adventure of moral suasion, counting on justice and the principles of fair-play, is termed a *fool.* If we want to describe how these inner principles function in modern society, in order to be colloquially understood, we must speak in terms of *fool-force.*

When John Haynes Holmes conceived of the play, *If This Be Treason,** on the boat returning from London, he did so in terms of the *ahimsa* of Gandhi which he had just seen operative in the Round Table conference in the fall of 1931. When Mr. Holmes, together with Reginald Lawrence, created the President Gordon of the play, they produced a person who because of his consistent idealism was called "a fool" even by his closest friends. When he went as a self-appointed peace envoy to Japan, his press secretary in a Tokyo hotel said, "This is the biggest fool's errand since the Ford Peace ship."

This age-old question which has fought for its very life under the shield of religion through the centuries is now jousting under the glare of footlights. The play may have something of the aroma of the parsonage as hinted by *Time,* but it is making its impression upon the theatre-goer. Unlike most sociological plays, it did not have its origin on Fourteenth Street, but sprung into being under the aegis of the Theatre Guild. Critics who went to scoff the first night, remained to pray. One would expect Oswald Villard to be "stirred as never before," and to devote an entire page of the *Nation* to its review, but not to hear Brooks Atkinson say "I was terribly persuaded to believe in what the peace prophets had in mind." Like Agrippa, listening to Paul's dissertation on fool-force, he said this is "not a suave and silken theatre bauble," but, also like Agrippa, he did nothing about it. Indeed, in his second review (Italy had then begun the war in earnest) he called the play "trash" from an artistic point of view, and contended that "from an intellectual point of view it oversimplifies an enormously complicated problem." Mr. Atkinson allowed his first impressions to get the upper hand—a thing a critic should never do, but the apparent conflict in his mind is symbolic of a generation which "is almost persuaded," to give up the old tools of paganism. As John Gordon says in the play, the wise men have made such a mess of things, that the *fools* can at least do no worse.

Shakespeare seemed to see this issue of *ahimsa,* but instead of allowing religion to blunder along with it, he put it into the hands of his fools, and had them save madmen from their folly. "Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere," said the clown in Twelfth Night, and Viola remarked, "This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well craves a kind of wit." Channing Pollock wrote a play called *The Fool* which was so popular on Broadway in the early twenties that a daily matinee was necessary to meet the demand for seats. It was the story of a young minister who descended the scale of social prestige in order that he might ascend the ladder of his own spiritual achievement. He ended his career in Overcoat Hall where he found service to humanity a reality. Unable to exert his fool-force in a wealthy church, or as personnel man in a big steel corporation, he gained so much spiritual vitality from the dregs of humanity that he staved off a mob and unconsciously effected the miraculous cure of a crippled girl.

The idea of fool-force got into literature again when Thornton Wilder wrote *Heaven's My Destination.* George Brush, the nit-wit hero was so naive that many thought Wilder was poking fun at goodness,—that form of genius which has the longest awkward age (*The Woman of Andros*). In reality, he made out a pretty good case for the American version of *ahimsa* and the intimation was that when the human race takes goodness out of its swaddling clothes and gives it a chance, we may get somewhere with our problems of petty evil and crime.

The greatest evil of all, modern warfare, is the dragon which the Holmes play goes out to slay by fool-force. As indicated in the preface, the hero is not the President of the United States nor the leader of the peace groups of Japan, who exemplify this force, but rather the people of the two nations themselves. In the last analysis, the thing for which the fool stands can only be effective when the masses, for whom he makes his stand, take up the cry. Usually, the saint dies with the cry of "fool" sounding in his ears. Mr. Holmes has foreshortened the picture so that the fool not only wins, but he lives to see the fruits of victory. It would have been easy and natural to have President Gordon martyred as a necessary stimulus to an outpouring of Japanese *ahimsa,* but the authors chose to use as few tricks as possible in a play which might easily be accused of fantasy. The claim is made in the preface that, on the contrary, actual fact is followed in most of the scenes. The meeting of President Gordon and Admiral Jones is reminiscent of the conference of Wilhelm II and Von Moltke; the Congressional committee and President Gordon meeting in Act II is almost identical with the hostile meeting of President Wilson with a committee upon his first return from Paris; and the Koyé is the renowned Kagawa. A good deal more befell President Gordon in Tokyo than happened to the Mahatma in London, but it is true that many fears were expressed for the safety of the Indian who had openly defied England for the past decade.

Many plays on the last war have entertained Broadway—*What Price Glory* showing its profanity, and *Journey's End,* its pathos. Reginald Lawrence helped write *Men Must Fight* which showed last year, and this year *Paths to Glory* ran concurrently with *If This Be Treason.* If Broadway can be led through the mire of war, there is "some point in a theatre crazy enough to exploit a restless idea" (Atkinson)

*Now published in book form by the Macmillan Company, New York, $1.75.—Editor.

and showing a possible solution to the whole immoral business.

Since this play is a drama of humanity it is not surprising that, like *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* it should come from a parsonage. Critics may say that the play is not good drama, just as they said that this novel of slavery was not good literature, but civilization moves forward not on the feet of rhetoric so much as by kindled emotions. Some things come only out of the deep brooding of the spirit.

As to the actual mind-processes at work, one need only go through the file of sermons preached by Mr. Holmes during the time the play was taking shape. "Disarm," is a plea for the United States to take the lead in breaking the murderous circle of war and preparation for war. "The Unknown Soldier Speaks" is a reverie in which the present-day world stands convicted by those who sacrificed their lives in the world holocaust for principles which have been forgotten. The most significant sermon, from the standpoint of the play, was "Three Men Who Can End War and Establish Peace Today." This was preached when the Japanese forces were crossing the Chinese Wall. Without railing at this show of imperialism, the preacher suggested that the Mikado, with certain portions of the Lytton report on his side, might call a truce and successfully submit his case to the world. "I confess," he said, "it does not seem to me to be likely," but added that sooner or later international disputes will have to be settled this way, "if we are ever to get rid of war." The play will certainly help breed a type of mind which will make it possible for Mikados, Popes and Presidents of the United States (the three men who could end war today) to put a stop to conflicts in the future. The grand climax of the play, the thing which the audience cheered and which impressed the critics, was the acceptance by the people of a new leadership which proceeded on the theory that the time had come to actually do the thing everyone thoroughly intends to do tomorrow. Particularly in time of crisis, when armament seems so logical, it is encouraging to see our Hearst-flouted enemies turn out the old guard with the gentle curse . . . "everywhere you will find the people . . . They will not hurt you, but neither will they heed you! Poor fool, your day is done." Here, then, is the real fool—the man who becomes obsolete like a battleship, but goes on living in a day which is gone.

It looks as though the new day were at hand. With such words as "sanctions," "boycott," and "embargo" crowding the battle news out of the headlines, the thing which Richard Gregg calls moral jiu-jitsu in his book, *The Power of Non-Violence,* is coming to its own on an international scale. If the fool of today is the person who refuses to adjust to immoral social conditions, the fool of tomorrow is the person who will not adjust to the new order. As the curtain falls, President Gordon, in a reverie, quotes from Zechariah, "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." The words of this post-exilic prophet uttered midst the ruins of the old temple, with the ethical impulse of his predecessors in his veins, may be taken as a motto for this puzzled post-war generation.

The Study Table

Man, The Unknown!

MAN, THE UNKNOWN. *By Alexis Carrel. 346 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.50.*

It is easier to study bio-chemistry and to determine food-values, even to manufacture complex machinery for flying, than to study "Man" which is the most complex substance—a combination of matter, mind and spirit—and about which very little research has been carried on by scientists who are devoting most of their energy to fathoming the mystery of matter and not the Spirit. For this very reason, we do not know much about our real nature. Man is really unknown, although he is not unknowable.

In the work, *Man, The Unknown,* Dr. Alexis Carrel, an eminent surgeon, scientist, and winner of the Nobel Prize in 1912, pleads for the necessity of developing a really comprehensive *science of man.* He gives his views (which are based upon scientific observations) on "body and physiological activities," "mental activities," "inward time," "adaptive functions of human organs," "the individual and remaking of man," in a simple manner which can be understood by laymen and is useful even to scientists. Dr. Carrel is neither a materialist nor a vitalist; but he is quite unorthodox regarding some of his conclusions which are startling and interesting. For instance, he places an extraordinary importance on the influence of intuition in the life of genius:

> Men of genius, in addition to their powers of observation and comprehension, possess other qualities, such as intuition and creative imagination. Through intuition they learn things ignored by other men, they perceive relations between seemingly isolated phenomena, they unconsciously feel the presence of the unknown treasure. All great men are endowed with intuition. . . . (pp. 122 f.)

Dr. Carrel accepts telepathy and clairvoyances as actual attainments of certain types of men and women, but the nature of this power or its secret is not yet fathomed by Science. He speaks like a mystic who has faith in prayer and even in the healing power of prayer and miracle.

> Certain spiritual activities may cause anatomical as well as functional modifications of the tissues and the organs. These organic phenomena are observed in various circumstances, among them being the state of prayer. Prayer should be understood, not as a mere mechanical recitation of formulas, but as mystical elevation, an absorption of consciousness in the contemplation of a principle both permeating and transcending our world. Such a psychological state is not intellectual. It is incomprehensible to philosophers and scientists, and inaccessible to them. But the simple seem to feel God as easily as the heat of the sun or the kindness of a friend. The prayer which is followed by organic effects is of a special nature. First, it is entirely disinterested. Man offers himself to God. He stands before Him like the canvas before the painter or the marble before the sculptor. At the same time, he asks for His grace, exposes his needs and those of his brothers in suffering. Generally, the patient who is cured is not praying for himself. But for another. Such a type of prayer demands complete renunciation, that is, a higher form of asceticism. The modest, the ignorant and the poor are more capable of this self-denial than the rich and the intellectual. When it possesses such characteristics, prayer may set in motion a strange phenomenon, the miracle. . . .
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> Our present conception of the influence of prayer upon pathological lesions is based upon the observations of patients who have been cured almost instantaneously of various affections such as peritoneal tuberculosis, cold abscesses, osteitis,

suppurating wounds, lupus, cancer, etc. The process of healing changes little from one individual to another. Often, an acute pain. Then a sudden sensation of being cured. . . . In a few minutes, at the most a few hours, wounds are cicatrized, pathological symptoms disappear, appetite returns. Sometimes functional disorders vanish before anatomical lesions are repaired. . . . The miracle is chiefly characterized by an extreme acceleration of the processes of organic repair. There is no doubt that the rate of cicatrization of the anatomical defects is much greater than the normal one. The only condition indispensable to the occurrence of the phenomenon is prayer. But there is no need for the patient himself to pray, or even to have any religious faith. It is sufficient that some one around him be in a state of prayer. Such facts are of profound significance. They show the reality of certain relations, of still unknown nature, between psychological and organic processes. They prove the objective importance of the spiritual activities, which hygienists, physicians, educators and sociologists have almost always neglected to study. They open to man a new world. (pp. 147-150.)

In spite of the above-mentioned mystical and spiritual attitude towards life, and relation of mind and body, Dr. Carrel thinks that the happiest and most useful men consist of a well-integrated whole of intellectual, moral and organic activities. "The development of complete human beings must be the aim of our efforts. It is only with such thoroughly developed individuals that a real civilization can be constructed." (p. 140.)

Regarding the interdependence of mind and the human organism, Dr. Carrel makes the interesting remark: "Mind and organism commune in man, like form and marble in a statue. One cannot change the form without breaking the marble." He further adds:

Mental activities depend on physiological activities. Organic modifications are observed to correspond to the succession of the states of consciousness. Inversely, psychological phenomena are determined by certain functional states of the organs. The whole consisting of body and consciousness is modifiable by organic as well as by mental factors. (p. 141.)

But here it should be emphasized that the consciousness of man is not dependent upon man's brain, as it is generally supposed.

Observations do not suffice to demonstrate that the brain alone is the organ of consciousness. . . . Every organ is present in the cerebral cortex by the agency of blood and lymph. Therefore, our states of consciousness are linked to the chemical constitution of the humors of the brain as much as to the structural state of its cells.

Lack of proper functioning of the organs leads to mental and spiritual disorder.

When the organic medium is deprived of the secretions of the suprarenal glands, the patient falls into a profound depression. He resembles a cold-blooded animal. The functional disorders of the thyroid gland bring about either nervous and mental excitation or apathy. Moral idiots, feebleminded, and criminals are found in families where lesions of this gland are hereditary. Everyone knows how human personality is modified by diseases of the liver, the stomach, and the intestines. Obviously, the cells of the organs discharge into the bodily fluids certain substances that react upon our mental and spiritual functions. (p. 142.)

There are many who believe that a man should satisfy his sexual impulse as he satisfies his hunger. These people will find Dr. Carrel an opponent of this so-called modern and scientific idea. Neither does Dr. Carrel agree with those psycho-analysts who hold that the repression of the sexual appetite leads to abnormality.

It is well known that sexual excesses impede intellectual activity. In order to reach its full power, intelligence seems to require both the presence of well-developed sexual glands and the temporary repression of the sexual appetite. Freud has rightly emphasized the capital importance of sexual impulses in the activities of consciousness. His conclusions should not be generalized to include normal individuals, especially those who are endowed with a strong nervous system and mastery over themselves. While the weak, the nervous and the unbalanced become more abnormal when their sexual appetites are repressed, the strong are rendered still stronger by practicing such a form of asceticism. (pp. 143 f.)

In studying Man one must not place undue emphasis on psychology or physiology. Such a method is bound to lead to wrong conclusions. From this standpoint "Freud has done more harm than the most extreme mechanicists; it would be as disastrous to reduce man to his mental aspect as to his physiological and physicochemical mechanisms." (pp. 281 f.)

In discussing the adaptive functions of the human organism, which tries to combat all influences which injure it, Dr. Carrel thinks that the modern mode of life is sapping the natural power of resistance in our physical system.

Muscles are no more important than brains. They only contribute strength and harmony to the body. Instead of training athletes, we have to construct modern men. And modern men need more nervous resistance, intelligence and moral energy than muscular power. The acquisition of these qualities calls for effort, struggle and discipline. It also demands that human beings should not be exposed to conditions of existence to which they are unadaptable. Apparently, there is no adaptation possible to ceaseless agitation, intellectual dispersion, alcoholism, precocious sexual excesses, noise, polluted air and adulterated foods. If such is the case, we must modify our mode of life and our environment, even at the cost of a destructive revolution. After all, the purpose of civilization is not the progress of science and machines, but the progress of man. (pp. 232 f.)

The importance of social and psychological influences over a man's mental activities is enormous. "Mental activities are influenced by social environment as profoundly as by the fluids of the body." It is interesting to note that a man's mental condition is very greatly dependent upon social environment.

The body more effectively resists the cosmic than the psychological world. It is guarded against the incursions of its physical and chemical enemies by the skin, and the digestive and respiratory mucosas. On the contrary, the frontiers of the mind are entirely open. Consciousness is thus exposed to the attacks of its intellectual and spiritual surroundings. According to the nature of these attacks, it develops in a normal or defective manner. . . . Civilization has not succeeded, so far, in creating an environment suitable to mental activities. The low intellectual and spiritual value of most human beings is due largely to deficiencies of their psychological atmosphere. . . . Man is powerless against such psychological attacks. He necessarily yields to the influence of his group. If one lives in the company of criminals or fools, one becomes a criminal or a fool. . . . (pp. 151-154.)

Therefore, the author rightly holds that:

Education of the intelligence is relatively easy. But the formation of the moral, esthetic and religious activities is very difficult. The influence of environment on these aspects of consciousness is much more subtle. No one can learn to distinguish right from wrong, and beauty from vulgarity, by taking a course of lectures. Morality, art, and religion are not taught like grammar, mathematics, and history. To feel and to know are two profoundly different mental states. Formal teaching reaches intelligence alone. Moral sense, beauty, and mysticity are learned only when present in our surroundings and part of our daily life. (p. 151.)

Dr. Carrel advocates a new type of revolution in our life and education to transform man's world.

It is obvious that the liberation of man from the materialistic creed would transform most of the aspects of our existence. Therefore, modern society will oppose with all its might this progress in our conceptions. (p. 281.)

Dr. Carrel sees serious limitations in the modern tendency of medical science which merely promotes artificial health.

There are, as we know, two kinds of health, natural, and artificial. Scientific medicine has given to man artificial health, and protection against most infectious diseases. It is a marvelous gift. . . . But man wants natural health, which comes from resistance to infectious and degenerative diseases, from

equilibrium of the nervous system. He must be constructed so as to live without thinking about his health. (p. 311.)

In spite of the progress of medicine and hospitals, etc., mental diseases are on the increase in our civilized society.

While infantile diarrhea, tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever, etc., are being eliminated, they are replaced by degenerative diseases. There are also a large number of affections of the nervous system and of the mind. In certain states the multitude of the insane confined in the asylums exceeds that of the patients kept in all other hospitals. Like insanity, nervous disorders and intellectual weakness seem to have become more frequent. They are the most active factors of individual misery and of the destruction of families. Mental deterioration is more dangerous for civilization than the infectious diseases to which hygienists and physicians have so far exclusively devoted their attention. (p. 20.)

Dr. Carrel pleads for systematic effort on the part of civilized man to arrest the degeneration which is facing us. He asks that the gigantic strength of science should be utilized to develop a real science of Man which will embrace the whole Man, his structural, functional and mental quality. Dr. Carrel emphasizes that "there is not the shadow of a doubt that mechanical, physical, and chemical sciences are incapable of giving us intelligence, moral discipline, health, nervous equilibrium, security, and peace." (p. 43.) The most vital problem therefore, that is facing the scientific world is: "Man must now turn his attention to himself, and to the cause of his moral and intellectual disability."

This great work cannot be accomplished by eminent specialists of physical and medical sciences, whose scope of specialization is limited to a part of the human anatomy or to some phase of the material world. The technique of specialists and the cooperation of a group of specialists must be co-ordinated by truly great scientists of vision and imagination who have the ability to arrive at a synthesis of accurate information of the nature of the functions of man as a whole. This stupendous work will require the patient investigation of several generations of scientific workers who, like monks of the middle ages, would devote their best energies in the search for the truth about the Complete Man, which is now unknown to us and the scientific world.

TARAKNATH DAS.

The Saint of Japan

MEDITATIONS ON THE CROSS. *By Toyohiko Kagawa. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Co. $1.50.*

Here is a volume to give to your "Fundamentalist" friends, if such still flourish in your vicinity, and, apparently, they are not yet as dead as the dodo.

The beauty of Kagawa is that he takes the old ways of stating religious truth, and leaps at once to their social implications not as occidentals love to do in theory, but with the true oriental's integration in practice. For example, the present writer is enjoying in anticipation how a more or less fundamentalist friend of his will react to this. "In Kobe," writes our author, "a young man once came to me and said he wanted to be an evangelist.

"'Have you the courage to go to prison?' I asked him. 'Have you the grit to lead a strike?'

"'No,' he answered.

"'Then give up the idea of becoming an evangelist,' I said." (p. 37.)

To Kagawa the Cross of Christianity is no mere symbol, least of all a beautiful dogma about Jesus being willing to give his life for humanity. To Kagawa the Cross is what it was to Jesus, a constant challenge to be out fighting with non-violent means for humans against the inherited systems of oppression. Is it any wonder that this Japanese pacifist and cooperative leader is in such great demand wherever he speaks these days here in America?

The fallacy of communism, as advocated and practiced still by many in this world of ours, is revealed in such a clear-eyed picture as this:

The communists tell us that all that is needed to set the world right is to destroy the bourgeoisie, because they have taken possession of the wealth of society. A capitalist who possesses property is guilty of a crime and the communists intend to kill him. In this the communists do not distinguish between men and property, though even in the eyes of the law these are differentiated. This disregard of the sacredness of human life hinges on lack of atonement; they do not share the consciousness of God.

If you are interested in getting behind the mind of this world-influential Japanese religious and economic leader, you must read the book and ponder long upon many of its simple and yet profound utterances. It is a translation, of course, from the original public speeches of this great Japanese leader. The translation has been done by two members of Kagawa's staff, the Misses Helen F. Topping, his English secretary, and Marion Draper; and the Reverend P. G. Price, a missionary in Japan.

If one wrote on indefinitely, he could not overstate the value of this volume, in which religionists themselves will find anew the springs of eternal resources.

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE.

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Correspondence

Kipling and India

Editor of UNITY:

Now while the public everywhere is thinking of Rudyard Kipling, it seems worth while to call to mind his relation to India. There is probably no other English writer who is regarded by the Indian people as so effectively an enemy to their country as the author of *Kim* and the *Barrack-Room Ballads,* that is to say, no other whom they think of as having written so much which misrepresents and belittles them and their civilization, and therefore hinders them so much in their struggle for freedom. This is pointed out in the following passage, which I take from my *India in Bondage,* and which I am sending you, thinking that you may like to give it to your readers just now.

The fact that Kipling was born in India and spent many years there has caused his readers to take for granted that his representations are true. But are they true? Seemingly Kipling's associations in India with the English were almost exclusively with the military men and with the most imperialistic and domineering of the civil officials. As to India itself, the real India, the great India of the past, with its history and its civilization he seems to have cared nothing for this, and to have taken no pains to inform himself about it. As to the Indian people, he seems never to have cared to associate or to become acquainted with any but the lowest. Unless we make these assumptions, it seems impossible to account for the facts that in his writings he gives almost no portrayal of, or allusion to, anything of real importance in Indian history, culture or life; and that he seems to take pleasure in heaping ridicule upon the educated classes and in describing the Indian people generally by the use of such contemptuous expressions as "a lesser breed without the law," and "new-caught sullen peoples half devil and half child."

Such of Kipling's writings as are connected with India (and most of those that have attracted greatest attention are thus connected) have always stung the Indian people to the quick. Their popularity in England and the wide acceptance of their misrepresentations as true have done more than almost any other cause to exasperate leading Indians, and create estrangement between them and the British.

Some of the better Englishmen feel deeply the wrong and meanness of all this insulting treatment of the Indian people and especially of the educated classes. One of these, some years ago, was Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford University, who did not hesitate to use a lash on Mr. Kipling that drew blood. Said Professor Murray: "If ever it were my fate to put men in prison for the books they write, I should not like it, but I should know where to begin. I should first of all look up my old friend, Rudyard Kipling, because in several stories and poems he has used his great power as a writer to stir up in the minds of hundreds of thousands of Englishmen a blind and savage contempt for the Indian people. The Indian people naturally have read these stories and poems. You cannot cherish a savage contempt for anyone without its being quickly reciprocated. And when both sides regard each other with the same savage contempt, it is not likely that they can dwell together in peace."

Mr. Kipling is not the only offender. It is hardly possible to conceive anything more galling to the Indian people than the tone of condescension with which they are nearly everywhere and always spoken of and referred to by the British, in their books about India, in their writings of every kind, in their public addresses and their conversation whenever India is mentioned. It is always the same, they, the British, are in India because they are "superior." (Of course they are superior because they are "white.") They are there on a high and noble mission—the mission of the superior to the inferior; they are there "to bear the white man's burden"; they are there because India so much needs them; they know so much better than she does what is good for her—what kind of laws and institutions she ought to have; they are "lifting her up"; they are "educating" her, slowly, carefully, in the direction of a little greater freedom and somewhat greater share in their own government when she is ready for these. It is a difficult task, not very safe, but in their kindness of heart, their sympathetic regard for the poor wards whom they have so unselfishly taken under their protection and tuition, they are venturing it. Of course, the fact does not count that for more than 3,000 years, before they, the British, came, India ruled herself and was one of the most highly civilized and illustrious nations of the world. Such trifling matters as that need not be considered.

How would England like it if France imitating Kipling and the others, in all her literature, all her writing, all her talk about England, habitually mentioned the English people —with similar condescension and sneers—as inferior in everything to Frenchmen? In the past, we of the United States at times have thought that we have detected in some Englishmen such an air of condescension toward us—slighting references to our literature, our art, our speech, our institutions and much else—(Sydney Smith's *Who Reads an American Book?* for instance). We have not liked it; indeed, we have resented it keenly. Do we think Indians like the same kind of thing coming to them from Englishmen, and in ten times more exaggerated and more humiliating forms than we have ever experienced? I say, this is the kind of representation that breathes through nearly every book that Englishmen write and nearly everything that they say about India—this arrogant and egotistical assumption of their own superiority and this ignorant and insulting claim that the Indian people are not able to govern themselves. Is it any wonder that India feels and resents the humiliation? Is it any wonder that she does not like Mr. Kipling?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Colored Workers Honored

Editor of UNITY:

Eugene Gordon, formerly of Boston, who represented the Negroes at various progressive meetings here is now living in Moscow. He writes to a friend in Boston:

"Yesterday I was invited to a reception and dinner that writers of Moscow were giving to a group of collective-farm workers from the cotton plantation of Tadjikistan (Central Asia). They formerly belonged to one of the 'national minority' groups, and their former status was much like that of Negroes in the United States, and especially in the South.

"Last night, to the sound of applause, they filed into the splendid old mansion used by the Soviet Writers' Union as headquarters. They were dressed in their picturesque costumes of high black boots, vari-colored striped great-coats, and little skull-caps and turbans. There were 44 of them, six being women. To see how the writers of Moscow, many of them world famous, received these cotton-field workers thrilled me. I know cotton fields back home; I have worked in them. I tried to imagine a group of Negro cotton hands from the Black Belt being feted with a rich dinner of half a dozen entrees—fish, sausages, caviar, cheeses, salads, the finest drinks, a main dish of rice with beef, ice cream. I tried to imagine their being treated in this royal manner by the leading writers of Boston or New York, in some swanky Beacon Street or Fifth Avenue clubhouse. While they were eating, they were entertained with entrancing music played by a string orchestra, with the singing of concert artists, and with stunts by the best players from Moscow theatres.

"Having come more than 5,000 miles by train to Moscow, these workers are here as guests of the textile factory which transforms the cotton from Central Asia into various fabrics. They told me they had all been eager to see what happened to the cotton they raised, when it reached the Moscow mills. They were fascinated by the results. One little girl of eleven, in a long, loose-fitting red dress, a purplish velvet coat, high black boots and a little round purple cap embroidered with gold and red threads, was asked what she wanted most to see in Moscow. She said, 'Stalin, nothing more.'

"Some of these workers were darker than I. One asked whether I was a Hindu. When told that I was an American Negro, he was intensely interested."

A. S. B.

Boston, Massachusetts.

The Field

(*Continued from Page 202*)

time, an opportunity to feel independent, to use their own language in their own schools, courts, newspapers and books. The revival of nationalities is one of the most striking events in my country and this revival has been achieved not at the expense of others but by common efforts for the good of all.

A few days ago the Soviet Republic of Armenia celebrated its fifteenth anniversary, and looked backwards to see the long way it had come. You all remember how cruelly the Armenians were treated for many decades—complete slaughter of whole populations of Armenian villages and towns was a regular occurrence. In two and a half years before the establishment of the Armenian Soviet Republic, 480,000 Armenian men, women and children perished by slaughter or as the result of cruel oppressions. And now, in the fifteen years of its existence, the population has grown from 750,000 to 1,150,000—nearly 50% more. Their cultural and economic life is flourishing. Armenia was formerly 90% illiterate—now everyone can read and write. Formerly there were no colleges—now there are thirteen with 7,200 students. Fifty thousand naked and barefoot orphans have become scientists, writers, professors, engineers, skilled workers. One billion roubles have been invested in the national economy of Armenia and where formerly there was only desolation we have today a highly developed industry. There are today 110,000 workers and employees compared with 11,000. A similar development has taken place in agriculture.

Many tens of thousands of Armenians exiled in foreign countries have gone to the Armenian Soviet Republic and found a fatherland where they and their children can live and work in security, far from the nightmares of their terrific past.

The same thing is happening to the Jewish people of my country. My country has applied to the Jewish people the policy toward national minorities which is embodied in our Constitution. Every nationality, large or small, strong or weak, must be given the same opportunity for its national development. What does this mean for the Jewish people? First of all, full equality in citizenship rights for every individual Jew, both in law and in fact. While before the war, the number of Jews in large scale industry and agriculture was negligible, at the present time over a million Jews are engaged in farming and in the basic industries. But three million Jews who live all over the Soviet Union could not build a Jewish State. Therefore, there was only one thing to do: to give them territory where they could establish a national state. This was done by my Government in May, 1934. On the occasion of the proclamation of the Jewish Autonomous Territory in Birobidjan, the President of the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R., Mr. Kalinin, made a statement from which I permit myself the following quotation:

"In the Soviet Union there are about three million Jews, but thus far there has been no Jewish state unit. The development of the Jewish autonomous territory is creating a sound foundation for the Jewish nationality.

"As the result of the establishment of a Jewish autonomous territory, the Jewish people will become consolidated and acquire all the attributes of a nation. The creation of this autonomous territory will give a new impetus to the blossoming of Jewish culture. Personally, I believe that in about ten years hence Birobidjan will be the cultural center of the Jewish masses.

"'Birobidjan will no doubt grow to be a prosperous territory, and the Jewish population there will have none of those peculiar characteristics which Tsarism imposed upon the Jews in Ukraine, Poland and White Russia. The hardships involved in the conquering of this still raw, but exceptionally rich, province will hammer out a new type of Jew. The present pioneers, in mastering a new region, will create a strong and healthy generation."

Mr. Kalinin spoke frankly of the hardships of pioneering work. Yes, it is difficult to be a pioneer. I need not explain that to Americans who know all about it from their own history. But may I say just a few words from my own experience about pioneering in my country? I spent three years in the Ural Mountains where we built many big plants and factories. I was connected with the construction of the famous metallurgical plant at Magnitogorsk. It was started on a desert steppe, a hundred miles from the railroad. It was hard work to start, no houses, no roads, no construction materials —everything had to be done from the very beginning. But what a wonderful spirit of victory when you overcome daily so many difficulties! What an indescribable self-satisfaction when you feel that the common efforts of hundreds and thousands of men and women are bringing the expected results! You see every day that life is more comfortable, the work is easier; and when the plant you are building begins to operate, there is general popular rejoicing.

The romance of pioneering life is so attractive that thousands and thousands of Soviet Jews are going, with the full moral and material help and support of my Government, to Birobidjan to settle there. Your committee is concerned with the settlement of Jews from foreign countries in the Jewish Autonomous Territory. You approached my Government on this question and you received, I think, a full and completely satisfactory answer. The Jewish Autonomous Territory will be prepared to receive from abroad, in 1936, about 1,000 families and individual settlers, physically healthy workers and artisans with definite qualifications. The conditions of admission, known to your committee, are, I think, very generous. Like the Armenians, the foreign Jew will find a new fatherland where he will be able to join the common work of my country.

During the last six years, we made many plans which the rest of the world received incredulously. You could scarcely find anyone who would believe that we would fulfill our self-imposed gigantic tasks. But our accomplishments have convinced the most skeptical and our achievements which concerned other undertakings are the best guaranty that the time is not far when we will see a flourishing Jewish Soviet Republic in Birobidjan.

[This address was delivered at a meeting of the American Committee for the Settlement of Jews in Birobidjan, and is published in pamphlet form at 285 Madison Avenue, New York.—EDITOR.]

Walls

Once there were walls at Babylon,
With none to tell the thought,
Or mark the hour, when stone on stone
Would be as naught on naught.

Strong were the walls at Babylon,
Too strong for only strength
To sense how might by might undone
Is less than might at length.

Gone are the walls at Babylon,
And yet the hungering dust
Yawns toward the walls that cloud the sun
Wherein our Sargons trust.

ROBERT WHITAKER.
in *The Presbyterian Tribune.*